If I doe wake ſome Plannet ſtrike me downe,
That I may ſlumber an eternall ſleepe.
Speake gentle Neece, what ſterne vngentle hands,
Hath lopt, and hewde, and made thy body bare,
Of her two branches thoſe ſweet Ornaments,
VVhoſe cyrcling ſhadowes, Kings haue ſought to ſleepe
And might not gaine ſo great a happines (in,
As halfe thy loue: VVhy doſt not ſpeake to me?
Alas, a crimſon Riuer of warme blood,
Like to a bubling Fountaine ſtirde with winde,
Doth riſe and fall betweene thy Roſed lips,
Comming and going with thy honie breath.
But ſure ſome *Tereus* hath deflowred thee,
And leſt thou ſhouldſt deteſt them cut thy tongue.
Ah now thou turnſt awaie thy face for ſhame,
And notwithſtanding all this loſſe of blood,
As from a Conduit with their iſſuing ſpouts,
Yet doe thy cheekes looke red as *Titans* face,
Blushing to be encountred with a Clowde.
Shall I ſpeake for thee, ſhall I ſay tis ſo.
Oh that I knew thy hart, and knew the beaſt,
That I might raile at him to eaſe my minde,
Sorrow concealed like an Ouen ſtoppt,
Doth burne the hart to cinders where it is.
Faire *Philomela*, why ſhe but loſt her tongue,
And in a tedious ſampler ſowed her minde.
But louely Neece, that meane is cut from thee,
A craftier *Tereus*, Coſen haſt thou met,
And he hath cut thoſe prettie fingers off,
That could haue better ſowed than *Philomel*.
Oh had the monſter ſeene thoſe Lillie hands,
Tremble like aſpen leaues vpon a Lute,
And make the ſilken ſtrings delight to kiſſe them,
He would not then haue tucht them for his life.
Or had he heard the heauenly Harmonie,

VVhich

VVhich that ſweete to
He would haue dropt
As *Cerberus* at the Thr
Come let vs goe, and n
For ſuch a ſight will bli
One houres ſtorme wi
VVhat will whole mo
Doe not drawe backe,
Oh could our mournin

Enter the Iudges an
bound, paſſing on the St
tus going before pleadin

Titus. Heare me gr
For pittie of mine age,
In dangerous warres, w
For all my blood in Ro
For all the froſtie night
And for theſe bitter tea
Filling the aged wrinkl
Be pittifull to my cond
VVhoſe ſoules is not co
For two and twentie ſo
Becauſe they died in ho
Andronicus lieth down
For theſe, Tribunes, in
My harts deepe languo
Let my teares ſtaunch
My ſonnes ſweete bloo
O earth I will befriend
That ſhall diſtill from th
Than youthfull Aprill